

DELANEY IS STOPPED BY SHARKEY IN FIRST

Bestonian Floors Rival for Count of Nine Before Landing Final Blow.

UPPERCUT BRINGS END

Finish Comes After 1 Minute and 13 Seconds as Delaney Re- gains Feet After Knockdown.

SHARKEY WEEPS WITH JOY

Reaction of Victorious Fighter
Amazes Crowd of More Than 15,000
—Receipts Are \$88,574.

By JAMES P. DAWSON.

The pugilistic sun set for Jack Delaney last night in the ring of Madison Square Garden before the startled gaze of some 15,000 fight fans, Jack Sharkey, the man who failed against Dempsey and Heeney and then against Risko, scaled the heights to which he heretofore has been believed capable of but never could reach when expected.

In what was scheduled to be fifteen rounds of ring action, Sharkey knocked out Delaney in one minute and thirteen seconds of the first round.

Among the spectators were the three fliers, Major James C. Fitzmaurice, Baron Gunther von Huenefeld and Captain Hermann Koehl.

No more startling ring upset has been seen in Madison Square Garden. No more spectacular finish to a battle has been witnessed in any ring in the metropolitan section since that never-to-be-forgotten finish of the Dempsey-Firpo battle five years ago. No ring idol has ever fallen so suddenly as did Delaney last night. It was expected that Sharkey would beat Delaney as the Bridgeporter has never established himself a heavy-weight of any great significance, but not so convincingly.

Sharkey Ruled Favorite.

The sentiment of the fight followers was reflected in the odds of 3 to 1, favoring Sharkey, which were quoted before the bout. Sharkey was favored to win by a knockout at odds of from 7 to 5 to 2 to 1, so that the result was in no sense a surprise. The shock came in the speed with which Sharkey ended the bout.

Sharkey looked like a fighter who would give Gene Tunney his hardest fight for the title, without detracting from the ability of Tom Heeney, the rugged New Zealander, who has been signed to fight the champion and who was a front-row spectator last night.

Sharkey fought like a great fighter, but there have been other times when the incentive was greater and Sharkey didn't approach his last night's performance. Yet he is back as a heavyweight and Delaney is through in this division.

Delaney probably will get scant consideration even as a light-heavy-weight. He suffered the third knockout of his career last night and apparently is through as a fighter of the first rank. The only other times Delaney was knocked out came in 1922 when Young Fisher and Augie Ratner turned the trick.

There was the spectacle of savage and furious hitting, the sight of the weaker of two fighters falling under the impact of blows, the fallen idol struggling to his feet to go down again and a third time under the crushing blows of his rival, then the sight of a victor seized, evidently with a desire to crush his foe.

Sharkey stole stealthily across the ring, sidling along the ropes from a neutral corner toward his own corner to a position half way to the other neutral corner where he was just a few steps from the prostrate Delaney.

Sharkey was filled with the lust of victory as Delaney went down for the third and what proved the finishing knockdown. His body quivered with the excitement he felt and the mad urge that was his to wreak his vengeance on a ring adversary for whom he had little love.

Sharkey Courts Disqualification.

With only his adversary and Referee Lou Magnolia between him and the havoc he wanted to work, and the mad cheers of an almost packed house rallying from the first shock of Delaney on the floor, Sharkey overlooked the fact that he courted disqualification for disregarding the rules—if not disqualification, such a long count as deprived Jack Dempsey of the title in Chicago last year.

His duty was to remain in the neutral corner furthest removed from his fallen foe, while the customary ten-second count proceeded over Delaney. But as that count proceeded, Sharkey drew nearer to Delaney, as Dempsey did to Firpo, until at the tenth and final second he was almost directly atop the man who came out of Bridgeport with the intention of conquering the fistic world, only to be himself conquered in dramatic and shockingly swift fashion.

With the battle over and Sharkey well on the road to more important competition if he cares to fight as he did last night, he surprised the crowd by bursting into tears. He was led to his corner crying, like a vanquished boxer instead of the victor, just as he was led to his corner crying the night he knocked out Harry Wills in Ebbets Field.

The worry and responsibility were over, and Sharkey had achieved that which he had set out for—a knockout over Delaney in a do-or-die battle. And Sharkey's only method of expression, the happiness he felt, was in tears. His manager, Johnny Buckley, summed up this surprising expression after the fight when he leaned through the ropes and above the din of the crowd yelled to the winner:

"He's so happy he can't stop crying. He wanted to knock out Delaney and was going down himself in the bid for a knockout if necessary. He wanted to show Delaney and the crowd which jeered him when he was introduced that he was a fighter. He didn't care if he was knocked out himself. That's the way he felt going into the ring and that's why he's so happy now."

While it lasted that battle was a reminder of the Dempsey-Firpo fight which always will be the criterion by which exciting knockout battles of the future will be gauged.

Sharkey led snappily with a left

for the face, which was short, and then shifting, swished through the air with a right for the jaw, which was short. He pumped a light left into Delaney's body and then missed another right for the jaw as Delaney timidly jabbed a left to the face.

The reckless Sharkey had Delaney thoroughly scared and in full flight with this exchange of four leads, only two of which landed, in the first few seconds of the battle. Delaney broke into a disorderly retreat. His one desire seemed to get away from Sharkey or to slip through an erratic lead and clinch.

The left jab Delaney landed was the only blow the Bridgeporter sent home, for he was to busy dodging, retreating and using every bit of skill at his command to evade Sharkey's rushing offensive and his lashing arms.

Sharkey piled into his rival with a left and right delivered short to the jaw and in close, sending Delaney sprawling. Delaney, to his credit, was up and doing before a count could be started, more dazed than ever, and determined to keep away from his tormentor if he could.

Rushing close as his foe came erect Sharkey belabored Delaney about the body with both hands and then drove a left and right to the jaw in a volley of punches from which Delaney careened and then slid to the floor for the second time. His mouth was open and his eyes were glassy as he took a count of nine on his knees, his hands resting on the floor.

Delaney in Trouble.

A rubber mouthpiece which Delaney sported as a protection was dislodged and Delaney instinctively gritted it between his teeth, while the nine count was tolled over him. Looking for all the world like a wounded animal in distress, he arose with the rubber piece projecting at a crazy angle from the left corner of his mouth and with blood streaming from his left ear, mouth and a trickle from his nose.

Sharkey was set as Delaney staggered toward him in a half crouch. With a terrific right uppercut to the jaw he crashed Delaney down and out. Delaney fought to get to his feet as Referee Magnolia counted his ten seconds but he could only burrow a ridge in the canvas with his chin as he instinctively strove to raise his body with muscle and mind which would not respond.

Then Sharkey, almost directly above his fallen foe, clapped his gloved hands and rushed to assist his beaten rival. With tears streaming down his cheeks, Sharkey was led back to his own corner, to be escorted quietly through the cheering crowd.

Jackie Brady of Syracuse, weighing 141½ pounds, won the decision from Sammy Vogel of Harlem, 145, in the semi-final of eight rounds.

From the first tap of the gong Vogel and Brady gave the crowd plenty of action. Brady matched a spirited offensive against the cleverness of Vogel in the first round and the session ended about even.

In the second session Brady continued to force the battle, and in a clinch floored Vogel for a count of seven with a solid left hook as he pushed Vogel off.

There was little to choose between them in the third round, in which the action was mostly head-to-head. The action slackened with the fourth, in which Brady continued on the attack despite Vogel's counter-fire. There was little excitement in the fifth.

Brady showed a slight advantage in the closing round and deserved the decision.

Ebbets Draws With Lee.

Harry Ebbets, Freeport youngster, had to hustle his hardest to get a draw in the second eight-round bout, in which he faced Laddie Lee, hard-hitting New England middleweight. Lee floored Ebbets with a high right to the jaw in the third round for a count of nine and for the rest of the battle Ebbets was forced to his utmost pace to square points. Ebbets weighed 160 pounds and Lee 157½.

Germany Heller, squat heavy-weight protégé of Phil Bernstein, won the decision from Carl Carter, Harlem negro, in their eight-round bout. Heller floored Carter in the eighth round with a hard right to the jaw for a count of nine.

In the opening bout of four rounds Freddie Polo, Newark welterweight, knocked out Young Frankie of the east side in 1 minute and 43 seconds of the second round. Referee Danny Ridge stopped the contest.